

# THE LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY JAMES GRANT, AUTHOR OF "RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS," "THE GREAT METROPOLIS," &c. AND FRANCIS ROSS, FORMERLY SOLE EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL.

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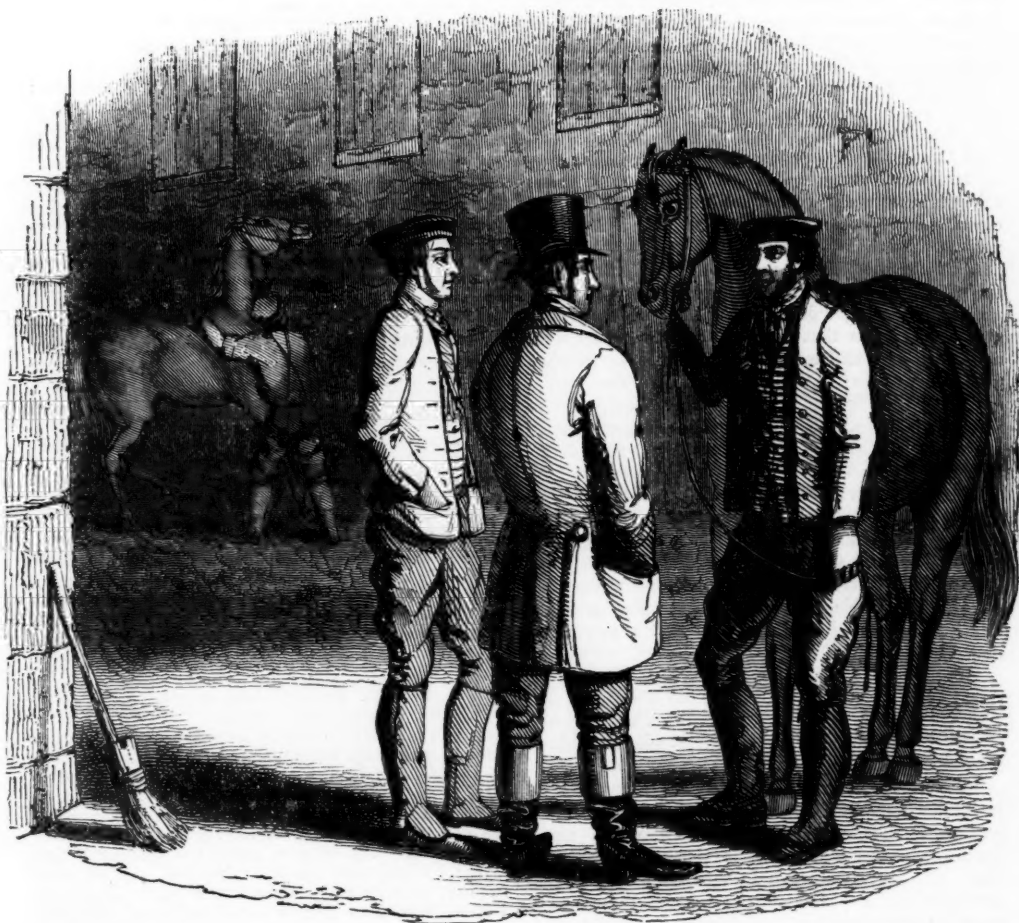
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1841.

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## LIVERY STABLEMEN.



J. RIDER, PRINTER,  
VOL. I.

[BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE.  
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## ORIGINAL DEPARTMENT.

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF HUMANITY.

## No. VI.—LIVERY STABLEMEN.

ONCE in our youth, we received an *impression* in a LIVERY STABLE not easily effaced. Fancy, reader, a quiet, timid, awkward lad, to whom bullocks, horses, dogs, and even cats, were objects more of fear than of familiarity—fancy such a one dragged onward by a great bold bully of a schoolfellow into a livery stable to admire the horses. First he peers into the doorway, as if half afraid to leave the broad day for the “dim” but not “religious” light of the stable. Then, as he gets more used to the scene, he advances slowly and cautiously, starting however with every *click* of the hoofs, and watching to see that his road is clear to the doorway, should danger show itself. Next he admires the easy boldness of “John,” as dressed in fustian jacket and gaiters buttoned to the knee, he scrubs the glossy coat of the “fine animal,” and sings that humming, whistling song, which all stable boys consider more powerful over their charges than the nurse’s lullaby over a cross-grained baby. And then he becomes quite a philosopher and a political economist; inquires about the amount of food which a horse consumes in a day, and the effect of a good cleaning as to keeping it in health; and getting more used to the atmosphere of the stable, he steps forward into its farthest and darkest recesses, with the easy air of one who could mount a horse without getting up on the wrong side. Alas, pride too frequently gets a fall! In that hour of confidence we were totally unaware that every motion of ours was watched with jealous eyes; in the uppermost stall there lay a canine mother, guarding its pups and indignant at strange intrusion. It had doubtless a line of demarcation, a Rubicon, not to be crossed without a declaration of war. We made but one step over the fatal barrier, and out rushed Snarler, fixing its teeth in our leg; tearing a pair of beautiful new trowsers, and lacerating the flesh. What a cry echoed through the stable! What a sneering provoking laugh was given by the stable boy! And what horrible visions had we of hydrophobia, and smothering by feather beds! Can it be wondered at, if we vowed never to enter a livery stable again?

Grooms are a peculiar race. They are a class by themselves. They have little or no communication with the world in general. They also talk a language of their own; a language which is unintelligible to the generality of mankind.

In country towns, the stables are always to be found in immediate adjacency to the inns. In the metropolis it is quite different. Here you never see a stable of any sort in connexion with an hotel or inn. The livery stables of London are mostly located in places called “Mews.” In some of these mews, there is accommodation for eighty or a hundred horses. In some cases noblemen or gentlemen keeping their

carriages or riding horses, pay a certain rent for the use of the necessary accommodation for their “animals;” but the most general practice is to contract with a livery stable keeper for the food, housing, and care of their horses, at so much per quarter or year. A small horse and gig cannot be properly “kept,” as the phrase is, under from £60 to £70 per annum. The expenses attendant on keeping a carriage and two horses in London, vary from £240 to £300 a year. A single horse may be hired for a day for half-a-guinea. If the appendage of a gig be added, the expense will vary, according to circumstances, from eighteen shillings to a guinea.

The “characters” who figure in our engraving speak for themselves. Our artist has hit off the class to whom they belong, to a nicety. The countenance of the groom on the right with bridle in hand, bears a striking resemblance to that of Lord Melbourne.

## LONDON VEHICLES.

By the Author of “Random Recollections,” “The Great Metropolis,” “Portraits of Public Characters,” &c.

## No. III.—VEHICLES OF VARIOUS KINDS.

IN my last two articles on the vehicles of the metropolis, I confined my observations to omnibuses, hackney coaches, and cabs. The present paper will be devoted to an account of various other kinds of vehicles.

In walking along the streets of London, especially in the central and eastern parts of it, the stranger is struck with the number of waggons of all descriptions which he sees in every direction. Among these, the good old Saxon wain is particularly deserving of notice. Of this class there are a great many in the metropolis. They are from fifteen to eighteen feet in length, and of proportionate depth and breadth. They are four-wheeled vehicles, and are drawn by four, five, or even six horses, according to circumstances. Five horses is the most common number. These waggons are peculiarly adapted for the transit of miscellaneous goods, which is the purpose to which they are chiefly applied. The quantity of goods sometimes carried by them, would appear incredibly great to those unacquainted with what may be stowed into, or rather erected on, them by skilful hands. They are strongly built. Tons on tons might be piled on them without injuring them by the weight. Most of these waggons belong to the extensive city merchants. The proprietors of all the leading wharfs have one or more waggons of this kind. All of them display the City of London arms, which consist of a white shield, with a dagger in one of the compartments. Having the city arms thus affixed to the front of the waggons, shows that the owners are free of the city; and therefore the vehicles are suffered to pass through the tolls in the city, without any toll being exacted. The names of the owners of the waggons are also painted in large conspicuous letters in the front of the vehicle.

There is something very interesting in seeing one of the better class of waggons moving along the streets of London. A writer of more poetical temperament than myself, would represent it as imposing, if not even sublime, to see the fine large horses which draw these vehicles, with their flowing manes and ample tails, proceeding with measured and majestic step,—the coal-black and well-scrubbed harness, decorated in many places with

small pieces of shining brass, to say nothing of the brass star which dangles on the forehead of the animals;—to see this in conjunction with the “comfortable” self-complacent appearance of the driver of the team, walking with whip in hand within a few feet of the horses, and rejoicing in the peculiar conformation of his hat, his smock frock, and quarter boots, tightly laced, and boasting soles half an inch thick, exclusive of the huge hob-nails, with which they are studded from heel to toe;—to see all this is to witness a picture of a decidedly interesting and national character.

There is an immense number of coal waggons in London. The coals are all carried in small bags from the different wharfs to the houses of the inhabitants. Each bag contains two hundred weight, and the waggons usually contain thirty-six of these bags, making the entire load upwards of three tons and a half. I like to see the coal waggons proceeding in all directions, because of the jolly-looking countenances,—notwithstanding their artificial ebony complexion—of the drivers. They are a hearty, good-humoured race of beings, and “if so be as they get summut to drive the dust down their throats,” they envy nobody. If you give them the wherewith to procure a pint of porter, they will not only touch the leather cows which they patronise as substitutes for hats, but they will show the whites of their eyes and their teeth—the only white parts of their frontispieces—in what a cockney would call a “reg’lar grateful smile.”

There is another kind of wagon which is pretty generally to be met with in London. I allude to the light waggons or vans usually employed for the removal of furniture from one part of town to another. These vehicles are drawn by one horse, and are kept on speculation by persons who make a living by letting them and a horse out to persons who are about to move from one house to another. Sometimes they are let out by the hour, at other times the proprietors charge so much for a certain distance. When let by the hour, the charge varies according to the circumstances of the parties employing the owner, from two shillings upwards. When by the distance, the usual charge made is five or six shillings per mile; only that after going one mile a reduced charge is generally made for the remaining distance.

Of the carts which crowd the streets of London, it is not necessary for me to say much. They are of all sorts and sizes, and are used for all imaginable purposes. There are some carts which are used for carrying street manure of an immensely large size, and so strong that no weight that can be put into them will do them the slightest injury. In rainy weather the street manure is so weighty, that six or seven of the strongest horses to be found are sometimes employed to draw them. The drivers of these vehicles, though usually patched in all parts of their persons, if not indeed plastered all over from top to toe, with the muddy commodity they are employed to transfer from place to place, are a merry-hearted race of men. They are always in excellent spirits, and are very often engaged, when they have a leisure moment, in playing all descriptions of tricks at each other's expense. Some of them display a “wonderful alacrity” in getting drunk, as Falstaff's ponderous body did in sinking when thrown into the Thames. When any of them do thus quaff so deeply “Barclay, Perkins, & Co.'s Entire,” or Thompson's blue ruin, as to be incapable of preserving their equilibrium, some of their thirsty brethren throw them into one of their carts, and convey them home in that way. I speak with all seriousness when I say, that I have often wondered that some of them, in these cases, do not choke from a too close intimacy with the contents of the carts, when the weather is sufficiently dry to give the rakings of

the streets less of a liquid appearance than they have after heavy showers of rain. I have repeatedly seen them lying on their faces on the top of a load of street manure, in a state of perfect unconsciousness, with their mouths literally “in the dust.” And yet, though I am convinced that a few minutes in the circumstances in which I have seen these men, would prove fatal to other individuals, it does not appear to cause them the slightest injury, or even a momentary inconvenience.

There is another class of carts which is very common in London, altogether different from the strong and large vehicles of which I have been speaking. I allude to those carts which are often used by butchers and other tradesmen, for the purpose of conveying small quantities of goods—and sometimes individuals—from one place to another. They are a sort of square box, light yet strongly made, and resting on springs,—so that one sits in one sense in them as comfortable as if he were in a gig. The only drawbacks to their convenience are, that they are open above, so that there is no protection against cold or rain, and there is nothing against which to lean one's back. The seat consists simply of a board about a foot broad, which stretches from one side to the other, a little towards the front. They are usually about five feet in length by four feet in breadth; their depth is about two feet. The horses are invariably of that class used for coaches and cabs; and they are driven as rapidly as these vehicles. The peculiar form in which these carts are built, exempts the proprietors from the license exacted on gigs.

To enumerate the various other vehicles which are to be seen in the streets of London, would be impossible; for they are always changing in size and form. There is a kind of vehicle called the truck, which is employed by many persons in business for the conveyance of goods from their premises to the houses of their customers. This vehicle is somewhat in the shape of a large box, with a lid which opens double at the top. It usually measures between three and a half and five feet in length, by three in breadth, and two and a half in depth. It runs on large but light wheels, and instead of being drawn by a horse, is drawn by young men by means of a pole, not unlike that of a coach, two or three feet in length in the front. In very many cases the young man who may be thus said to be yoked into the truck, used to be very greatly assisted by a large dog underneath, and trained to “draw” in the same way as if he were a horse. There are other trucks which have two spokes at the other end, somewhat resembling, though of course much lighter, the shafts of a gig. The party who has to move a truck constructed in this way, pushes it before him in the same manner as if he were driving a wheelbarrow, only that in almost every case he was, until the commencement of last year, most materially assisted by a dog harnessed to the vehicle underneath. These dogs were admirably trained for the purpose; and drew weights which would appear incredible to those who had not witnessed their achievements in this way. They were for the most part very spirited animals; seldom needing the application of the lash. Indeed, so great was the exertion they made, that they often worked themselves to death.

In the session of 1839, an act was passed prohibiting the use of dogs in trucks, from and after the commencement of 1840.

These latter observations lead me to say a word or two about another class of vehicles, which until the beginning of 1840, were quite common in the streets of the metropolis. I mean the very small carts which were drawn entirely by dogs. These Lilliputian carts were used for a variety of purposes, and were sometimes drawn by one dog, although occasionally by as many as three. The dogs were



duly harnessed as if they were horses, and were trained to their duties as drawers of these vehicles in a wonderful way. In many cases the persons, mostly boys or young men, charged with them, or to whom they belonged, sat in the carts themselves, and drove the tractable creatures whip in hand, just as if they were horses. They proceeded at an amazing celerity through the streets; frequently exceeding hackney coaches and cabs in the rapidity of their movements. The only thing to be regretted was, that they were not only often overburdened, but very cruelly used by those who had the charge of them.

No one can be in the streets of London without being struck with the different appearance which vehicles present in the various parts of the town. In the city many ponderous waggons meet his eye, and assail his ears in every direction. Carts, omnibuses, hackney coaches, cabs, &c., are also numerous; but a splendid carriage or even a handsome cabriolet is a sight which is seen but comparatively seldom. In Regent street, Bond street, and the other parts of the west end, matters are completely reversed. There, splendid equipages of all descriptions dazzle your eye in whatever quarter you turn; you seem to be in a fairy land where every thing around you is glare and glitter. The waggon or cart is only seen at intervals in the western parts of the metropolis. So great is the contrast which the west end and city present to each other, in regard to the class of vehicles most common in each, that I am sure any one who has been any length of time in London, would be able, were he led blindfolded either to the city or west end, to decide which of the two he was in by the testimony of his ears alone. If in the city, the rumbling, everlasting rattling of waggons, carts, and other vehicles for commercial purposes, would at once admonish him of the fact. The absence of this peculiar kind of rattling, and the slight noise caused by the light and rapid movements of carriages and gigs at the west end, would inform him with equal certainty, that he had been conducted to the locality selected by the aristocracy for their residence when in town.

#### PUNISHMENTS IN FRANCE.\*

The history of France happily presents only three cases of a punishment so horrible as quartering. Jacques Clement, the assassin of Henry III.; Ravailiac, the murderer of the good Henry; and Damien, the author of an attempt upon the person of Louis XV. This punishment consisted in attaching four unbroken horses to the four limbs of the sufferer. The horses, goaded by the executioner, pulled on four sides. The body was then dislocated with a fearful noise, and the executioner's assistants introduced molten and boiling lead into the bleeding wounds caused by the disunion of the bones. The criminal was then placed upon a wheel, where they finished breaking his limbs with bars of iron; then by special favour, and always at the entreaties of the confessor, whom christian charity fixed in the midst of this atrocious spectacle, he was strangled by means of a vice fitted to the wheel. The body was then placed upon the stake, and the ashes scattered to the wind.

The wheel and the stake were a long time the punishment of poisoners. The marchioness de Brinvilliers perished in these frightful torments, and the commission appointed by Louis XIV. to put an end to the cases of poisoning which desolated every family, rendered this punishment common enough at Paris towards the last years of the

seventeenth century. The poisoner Desrués was one of the last victims of this punishment in the eighteenth century.

It is not foreign to the subject to cite a fact entirely unknown, which the writer of this article has heard related in his childhood, by Madame de Lambon, one of the most distinguished women of ancient French society.

Desrués, in his discussions on his long trial, had always persisted in asserting that he was innocent of the death of Madame La Notte and her son. There existed no real proofs, but the moral proofs were overwhelming. The judges, in spite of the denials of Desrués, condemned him to the punishment of poisoners, to the wheel and to the stake. On hearing his sentence Desrués rises, his person exhibits no appearance of suffering, and his deportment is calm and dignified. "Gentlemen," said he, "you are deceived, I am innocent; I pray to God, who will one day judge you, as you to-day judge me, to pardon you my death." This boldness of deep hypocrisy surprised the judges; they looked at each other, and some turned pale. But the sentence was pronounced, power must be left to the law.

The day of the execution, the judges assembled at the "palais;" all were the prey of virtuous fear, all awaited with anxiety for revelations to come to quiet their conscience. If a door-keeper half opened the door to obey the command of the president, if the slightest movement were heard without, the attention of all was aroused, and mournful silence soon took the place of these reiterated deceptions. Nevertheless the punishment was to commence at eleven in the morning, and it was nearly nine. Meanwhile a barrister announced to the president that M. de Lambon (then a young advocate) had just arrived at the "palais;" M. de Lambon, who lived then on the right bank of the Seine, had been obliged to cross, in coming to the "palais," the parts of the city surrounding La place de Grève; he might have been able on his road to learn some news. The president sent, begging him to come. M. de Lambon appeared.

"Well, M. de Lambon," they inquired, "have you learnt whether Desrués has at last confessed? What do the people think of his condemnation?"

"The crowd is so great in the streets adjoining la place de Grève," replied the advocate, "that it was with great difficulty I was enabled to reach here. They do not say that Desrués has confessed, but there is only one voice among the people, gentlemen, to applaud your sentence. Desrués has not a single partisan in Paris, and every one thinks that this man will carry his hypocrisy to heroism."

These words of the young advocate calmed somewhat the fear of the judges, and again they seated themselves in silence. Ultimately at half-past eleven, a door-keeper came to announce that the doctor of Sorbonne, Desrués' confessor, wished to speak to Messieurs. All was finished, the innocent or the guilty had ceased to suffer and to live. The whole of the assembly, at the announcement of the doorkeeper, was struck with involuntary terror. What was it about to learn? the moment was terrible. The doctor of the Sorbonne, whose priestly garments were stained with the marks of the convulsive agony of the criminal, advanced with a grave austere step into the middle of the barristers. Every one sought to read in his countenance what he was going to announce, but the features of the priest were calm and impenetrable. He slowly gazed on all the venerable physiognomies of the judges; he saw on every face, on every brow, torturing indecision, poignant doubt. He had pity on them.

"Messieurs," said he in an austere voice, "be of good cheer; the mercy of God is great; the wretched man whom I came from assisting in his last moments may feel its effects; for repentance is the key of Heaven. Messieurs,

\* Translation from the French.

you have judged well—my penitent has expressly charged me to declare it to you."

At those words "you have judged well," it seemed as if a weight of a thousand pounds were taken from the breast of each judge. All rose, if not with joy at least with calmness, and all thanked the pious minister of God, who not content with mitigating the grievous agony of the malefactor, came also to shed a consolatory balm into the soul of the expounders of the law. Such is the fact related by Madame de Lambon.

Decapitation was not used in France until towards the end of the fourteenth century, and this punishment was still exclusively reserved for noblemen. Louis XI. took upon himself more than any other king, to render this species of punishment popular among the nobility. In his reign, the blood of the first families in the kingdom inundated the scaffold. History has treated Louis XI. severely, but it is nevertheless certain, that that monarch, by making royalty absolute, and causing the most powerful and illustrious heads in France to fall, has deserved, as well as Louis le Gros, who had emancipated the commons, to be placed in the rank of the founders of the liberty of the people.

We are going to cite one of the numerous instances of decapitation, which we derive from this king's reign. Louis de Luxembourg, Count de St. Pol, was brother-in-law of Louis XI. and constable of France. Loaded with honours and wealth, he saw none above him but sovereign princes, and all his ambition was turned towards the attainment of supreme power. He thought he might be able to obtain it by means of a misunderstanding fomented between the king and the duke of Burgundy. To attain this end he deceived both Louis XI. and the duke at the same time, by feigning to be exclusively devoted to their respective interests. His manoeuvres having been discovered, he was arrested and taken to the Bastille, April 4th, 1476. He there found the chancellor Doriolle, the first president, Le Boulanger, Gaucourt, provost of Paris, several presidents, counsellors, masters of requests, and the attendants of the president of the parliament, who had repaired thither by the king's command. He mounted the scaffold boldly, and was about to kneel upon a small woollen cushion with the arms of the city, which he pushed aside and moved with one of his feet, when his eyes were diligently bandaged by the said Petit Jehan, (the executioner of that day,) always speaking of God to the said confessors, and often kissing the said cross; and straight the said Petit Jehan seized the sword which his said father delivered to him, with which he caused the head to fly from the shoulders so quickly and so transiently that his body fell to the ground as soon as his head, which head presently after was taken by the hair by this Petit Jehan, and put to wash in a pail of water, being then near him, and then placed on the supports of the said little scaffold and shown to the spectators of the said execution, who were full two hundred thousand persons and better.

About 1787, a rather obscure physician at Paris, named Guillotin, who laid claim to the then much esteemed titles of philanthropist and philosopher, invented a machine, which was by the simplicity of its construction to save the executioners a severe apprenticeship, and perhaps (for the question is not yet decided,) torture to the victims. Dr. Guillotin opened his house to the curious, he even carried his kindness so far as to make an exhibition of his hideous machine twice or three times a week. Doves, pigeons, or birds equally innocent, served the inventor to initiate his audience into the mechanism of his work. Every thing is fashionable at Paris; a prince of the blood went to Guillotin's house, did himself the pleasure of killing a sheep, (it was an amelioration in the experiments) and showed

himself pleased with the new discovery. The whole court went to the unknown doctor's; the town followed as usual the example of the court, and wished to have its part in the sight. Every one agreed in declaring that Dr. Guillotin's machine was an excellent idea; one servant, who was afterwards a celebrated politician, went even to say that the doctor deserved being placed in the rank of the human race. Guttemberg and Jenner ought, according to him, to feel highly honoured by such an association. Even at Versailles this singular novelty was spoken of.

Louis XVI. was struck with the advantages of the instrument, which they endeavoured to explain to him. If humanity can gain anything by the adoption of this murderous machine," said the king, "it must be thought about." "M. Vicq d'Azir," added the king, looking with solicitude at the celebrated physician who at that time was in attendance on the sick queen, "you must examine it and report to me respecting it. You alone can be a judge in this question, which relates to the dearest interests of human nature." Vicq d'Azir bowed and replied, "Sire, I will attend to it in accordance with your desire."

The king thought no more of it. On January 21st, 1793, he found himself before Dr. Guillotin's machine!

### LITERARY CHIT-CHAT.—No. III.

MISS POULTER's new poem, "Imagination," from which we gave an extract in our third number, has excited more attention in the literary world, than any poem which has appeared for a considerable time. It is a production of very great poetic merit, and at once places the gifted authoress in the highest rank of the lady poets of the present day. For condensed nervous expression, blended with beautiful imagery, Miss Poulter's "Imagination" is superior to anything we have met with for many years. Nor ought we to omit to mention, that it is pervaded throughout by a spirit of more profound philosophy than we have been able to discover in the works of any of the noble army of poets who have made their first appearance during the last twenty years.

SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER's new novel, "Night and Morning," has met with considerable success. The sale has been greater than that of any work of fiction which has been brought out during the past twelvemonth.

We have reason to believe that the article on the "Comic Dramatists of the Restoration," in the number of the Edinburgh Review just published, is from the pen of Mr. Macaulay. We have also reason to believe that the article on the "Non-intrusion Question," in the current number of the Quarterly Review, is the production of Dr. James Browne, of Edinburgh. The article on "Infant Slavery in our Factories," in the same periodical, is evidently from the pen of Lord Ashley. The circulation of the Edinburgh has, we are assured, slightly increased of late, while that of its London rival has experienced a trifling diminution. The sale of the former is about 7000; that of the latter is about 8500.

It is a curious fact in the history of literature, that almost every monthly periodical has, for some time past, been gradually falling off in its circulation.

The annuals have, without exception, been comparative failures in point of sale, this season. If the information which has been communicated to us be correct, it is doubtful whether more than three of their number will be published next year. The decrease in their sale has led to a very great deterioration in the quality of the pictorial illustrations.

## LIFE OF NAPOLEON.\*

HE who would collect all the volumes which have been written from first to last on the life and career of Napoleon, could boast of a library of no ordinary extent, even if he had not another work in it. Mr. Horne has here added another to the lengthened catalogue of works on this subject. If he has been the last to enter the field of "Buonaparte biography," his labours in that field have not on that account been the less successful. His work is no hastily got-up compilation; it is well digested, and carefully, and in many parts, philosophically written. Mr. Horne is now rapidly advancing towards the completion of his task. When the work is finished, we shall probably take occasion to notice it at some length. Our principal purpose at present is to bestow our meed of merited praise on the engravings by which it is so abundantly illustrated. There is a force of expression and fineness of finish about them, rarely to be met with in wood engravings. A few specimens will furnish a far better idea of their quality, than would be afforded by a dozen pages of elaborate description.

A celebration of the founding of the French Republic took place in Cairo, on the 22nd of September, 1798. "The commander-in-chief," says Mr. Horne, "gave a splendid banquet to nearly two hundred guests, inha-

bitants of Cairo, as well as Frenchmen, in a circular building, erected for the purpose, and adorned with columns and standards. The French and Turkish flags waved side by side. An obelisk in the centre was covered with appropriate inscriptions; and seven altars bore the names of those who had died in battle. A grand review of the troops completed the festivities of the day; and the French general did not fail to rouse the enthusiasm of his soldiers by one of his usual addresses.

"Soldiers," he said, "we are celebrating the first day of the seventh year of the Republic. Five years ago, the independence of the French people was threatened: but you took Toulon, which was the presage of the ruin of our enemies. A year afterwards, you beat the Austrians at Dego; the next year, you were on the summit of the Alps; you besieged Mantua two years ago, and gained the celebrated victory of St. George. Last year, you were at the sources of the Drave and the Isonzo, returning from Germany. Who would then have thought that you would now be on the banks of the Nile, in the centre of the ancient continent? From the Briton, celebrated in arts and commerce, to the ferocious Bedouin, you fix the attention of all mankind.

"Soldiers, your destiny is noble; for you are worthy of your deeds, and of the reputation you have acquired. You will die with glory, like the heroes whose names are





inscribed on these altars; or you will return to your country covered with laurels, and with the admiration of all nations."

"In the midst of this apparent security," continues Mr. Horne, "a storm was preparing which soon burst forth. Ibrahim and Mourad-Bey were continually inciting the people to revolt. The former frequently addressed the fierce assemblage of Arabs, in tones and gestures of wild eloquence and energy, the effect of which was speedily reflected from a crowd of dark up-turned faces, while yelling plaudits followed his speech.

"It was not the Mameluke chiefs only who impelled the people to insurrection: priests made use of their religious formulas for the same purpose. An order had been issued by Napoleon, on his first arrival at Cairo, to watch the criers of the mosques, who, at certain hours of the night, offer up prayers from the tops of the minarets. He foresaw, that the opportunity they thus might have, would

be prodigious as a means of excitement. His directions, however, were gradually neglected, as the appearance of danger vanished. The priests, perceiving this, substituted inflammatory hymns, and cries of revolt, for their usual prayers; and by these means, and by secret emissaries, roused the people from one end of Egypt to the other. Early on the morning of Oct. 21, Napoleon was startled from sleep by the news that Cairo was in a state of rebellion. Gen. Dupuy, the commandant of the city, had fallen among the first victims to the fury of the populace; and a general massacre of the French had commenced. Napoleon was on horseback in an instant; and, accompanied by thirty guides, repaired successively to every threatened point, and restored confidence among the soldiers. The armed inhabitants of Cairo, repulsed in all directions, took refuge in the great mosque, which was speedily surrounded by the French cannon, and taken."



"A scene of frightful carnage ensued. The blood of the Arabs was shed in torrents, and their lives sacrificed to an appalling extent. The hostile incursion of the Arabs into Cairo, and their repulsion by the French, amidst scenes

of great slaughter, are shadowed forth in the above pictorial illustration.

We shall present our readers with some further specimens of Mr. Horne's Life of Napoleon in a future number.

## PICTURES OF LIFE.

### No. II.—THE RIVAL NEIGHBOURS.

By Miss E. Watts.

PART THE SECOND.

THE courtiers were greatly deceived in the Benson's circumstances. Mr. Benson's wages and his wife's gains as a clear starcher, had been always spent as fast as received; they were not one shilling before hand, and the money Mrs. Benson was now going for, had been given to her husband that day to make some purchase for his employers.

"It won't do to let the opportunity slip," she thought; "I can borrow as much upon the chain directly, if I like. Such a bargain! I should be mad to let it slip through my fingers!" and so thinking, she took the money from under a large shell on the chimney-piece, where it had been deposited for safety, and returned down stairs. There was a slight noise in the passage as she descended, which she supposed to be the pedlar setting down his box; but when she came in sight of him it was still suspended round his neck, and he was so deep in thought with his eyes fixed on the opposite wall, that she had to speak twice before he heard her.

The money was paid, the chain became Mrs. Benson's property, and the pedlar departed. He seemed to think that that court had had quite its share of his bargains, for

he called at no other house there, and his pace was hastened till he was lost in the crowd of the adjoining street. Mrs. Benson lost no time in displaying her new acquisition; the watch was suspended to it, though rather placed in the shade, and its wearer took her stand at the door under the influence of Dame Trot's opinion—

"What avails such costly gear,  
If none there are to view?"

Mrs. Benson was still stationed at her post of display, when her husband returned from his work; it was an hour earlier than usual, and as he entered, he urged her to hasten his tea, or he should not be able to wait for it. "I must go immediately," he continued, "to Dentley and Spratt's for the firkin, so look sharp, old girl." And now was Mrs. Benson's penance beginning; she had to confess having used the money, and for what purpose, and while assiduously bustling to get tea ready, she began; "I have bought such a bargain! Look here, James, a gold chain, a real gold chain, for how much do you think?" Benson was fully interested in the task of taking off a shoe to discover why it hurt him, and he scarcely heard. "Oh never mind such nonsense, get tea," he said; but it was necessary to call his attention to the fact, so she persisted, "Look, what do you think of this chain? a real gold one for only two pounds?" "Whose is it?" asked her husband, carelessly glancing at it. "Mine," said Mrs. Benson, "and," she continued hurriedly, "you see it is real gold, and I could borrow the money on it any day. I could not let such a chance slip, so as I had no other money, I just used that you left up stairs; I can raise it for you again, you know, directly," she added, as she saw her husband ready to express the something dangerous that was kindling in his eye.

"You have not spent that money!" he said, sternly. Mrs. Benson was beginning to repeat the extenuations of the action, but he interrupted her with a torrent of oaths and angry words, that overbore the attempt. To do him justice, Benson was not often subject to these outbreaks, but the passion of the habitually quiet man is always most fearful. Mrs. Benson, who was not a scold, took perhaps the best method to soothe it, she did not make any answer save tears. It is difficult to keep up the energy of anger without opposition, this is a truth worth consideration; even Mr. Benson's, just as it was, could not go on burning without such fuel, and when in the natural course of the hurricane, he had passed from blame of the deed, to consideration of its consequences, she put the chain into his hands, and repeated that she could raise the money upon it in a few minutes. "If it is real gold," said Benson, as he weighed the chain in his hand, and examined it closely, "it was stolen, depend upon it." "But that is no affair of ours, you know," said Mrs. Benson, as she turned to put on her shawl and bonnet. Mr. Benson shook his head; but there was no time to argue a point of morality, so he bid her make haste, and he would get his tea while she was away.

"I want two pounds upon it," said Mrs. Benson, as she placed the chain in the hands of the pawnbroker. He was a man with a heavy looking face, and a keen eye; he examined it carefully but silently, then looked at her sharply and curiously, then re-examined it, and taking down a printed paper that was hung from a shelf behind, he read it over, glancing occasionally at the chain; at last saying, "Stay a moment, and I'll inquire about it;" he went into a back room, and in a few minutes a policeman entered the box in which Mrs. Benson stood, and placed himself between her and the door, and the pawnbroker returned.

"Is this chain yours?" he began. "Mine! yes to be sure it is," said Mrs. Benson, rather alarmed, "I bought

it to-day." "You are soon disposing of it again," resumed the pawnbroker, "pray where did you buy it?" There was something sneering and suspicious in his tone and manner, that, conjoined with the entrance of the policeman, made her tremble, but she answered with a full account of the purchase. "What sort of a looking man was it?" now questioned the policeman. She replied, with as clear a description of his person as her confusion would allow. "I think I know the gentleman," resumed the policeman; "but you, Ma'am, must come with me; we must inquire into this." "Why," said Mrs. Benson, almost fainting with fear, "what have I done?" "That we'll find out," returned the policeman facetiously; "that chain was stolen, and now you may understand where you are."

Vain were her repeated protestations of innocence, her petitions to be allowed to go home, and her reference to any one who knew her, whether she would be likely to steal any thing. A messenger was sent to the direction she had given, to ascertain its accuracy, but before obeying the repeated injunctions of the policeman to come with him quietly, she turned to the pawnbroker, and taking the watch from her side, entreated with tears that he would advance two pounds on it, and send the money to her husband immediately. The pawnbroker looked with a laugh at the policeman, who with a contempt evidently excited by the simplicity of the request, told her to come along, and they would first see how she came by it.

Meantime Mr. Benson proceeded to prepare his tea, and in a few minutes every thing was set ready for that meal, with the exception of a tea-spoon, which he looked for in vain; with many exclamations against the stupidity that had hidden them, drawers, cupboards, and shelves were ransacked, even for a table-spoon rather than none, but not one could he find, and he was just angrily stirring the sugar in his tea with a knife, when a rap at the door interrupted him; it was the messenger dispatched by the policeman, who after making several abrupt inquiries, told Mr. Benson that his wife had been taken up on suspicion of stealing a chain. It may be imagined how an honest, industrious man, with a good name hitherto steadily supported, would feel such an imputation; there was shame, almost ruin in the mere accusation, and in its consequences it might lead to the exposure of a direct fraud on their parts, in the misappropriation of money intrusted to him.

He proceeded immediately to the place whither his wife had been taken, and found her so overwhelmed with shame and mortification, that he could not reproach her. It was too late to refer to magisterial decision, so poor Mrs. Benson had to remain in the station house till the next day. In considering before his departure, of the best mode of raising the money, to replace that so unfortunately spent, Mrs. Benson mentioned the silver, which reminded her husband of its disappearance; she named eagerly the precise spot on a table in the parlour, where she laid it all together after cleaning it; he had looked particularly in that very place, and he was quite sure that there was not only no silver there, but none in the room. "Then," said his wife energetically, "that pedlar stole it. I thought I heard a noise as I came down—it was he shutting the door again."

All that could be done was to inform the police of the suspected robbery, and this being done, and Mr. Benson informed that he could not be permitted to stay any longer, he bid his distressed wife good night, and went home most anxiously miserable. He found his daughter waiting at the door, and surprised to have found no one at home. The tale was soon told her; perhaps to her buoyant and proud spirit it was even more bitter than to her parents,



but for her father's sake she combated the feeling, and when with a pale cheek, and a stern voice, he declared himself a ruined man, she spoke with hopeful firmness, encouraging him with the reflection of conscious rectitude. "You talk like a silly girl, Anne," said her father irritably. "Your mother has done sadly wrong, and, God help me! I don't know how to right it." "I'll tell you, my dear father, what I would have you do," said Anne, standing before him with a pale cheek and a brightening eye, "I would have you go to Mr. Desper, and tell him all, saying you will replace it if it should take all you have, if they will give you a day or two to raise it." "And get turned away, and perhaps sent to prison for my pains," replied her father bitterly. Anne shuddered, but answered steadily, "No, they will not do so—it is too late to get the money to-night, and there will be no time in the morning; there is no other way." "And this is all your mother's accursed vanity," said Benson, his anger kindling under a sense of desperation, "she has ruined us." "Don't speak unkindly of her now, father," interrupted Anne, with tears; "she is suffering so much, and she would do anything for us."

Benson said no more on the subject, he saw it hurt his daughter, and she was the idol of both parents; he returned to the consideration of what was best to be done, and this ended in his following the plan she had proposed. "I have served you many years, sir, faithfully," said Benson, as he finished his confession to Mr. Desper; "I tell you the whole truth, so may God deal with me; and now it is for you to say whether I shall be ruined for ever."

Mr. Desper was a man of apparently little feeling, stern rather than passionate, but as a master always just. He leaned his head on his hand, and looked earnestly at Benson several minutes without speaking. "You have done right," he said at last, "in confessing this, though it seems to me you could not help it, still you did right; your breach of trust (Benson winced at the words) shall remain unknown. You shall continue in our service, but until your steady conduct has regained our confidence, no longer in the situation you hold at present. In the mean time you shall be removed to one to which a lower salary is annexed, from which salary the sum you have misappropriated, shall be gradually deducted." Mr. Desper interrupted his thanks or expostulation, by telling him he might go, and bidding him good night, and with a mind at once relieved and mortified, Benson took his way to his now desolated home.

The following day, the pedlar having been taken, and the spoons found in his possession and identified, this, together with other evidence which it is neither necessary nor easy to detail, cleared Mrs. Benson of all criminal conduct in the transaction, though she was sharply rebuked by the magistrate for purchasing anything, that from the low price demanded for it, she must presume to have been stolen.

Her husband accompanied her to the entrance of the court on her return, and from thence she proceeded to her home alone; thoroughly humbled, mortified, and miserable, she shrank in at that door where she had formerly stood so proudly. Her daughter welcomed her with tears of joy, and an attempt at consolation, but the latter only made Mrs. Benson's tears flow faster. The night of her detention in the station house, miserable as it was, was not passed unprofitably; she was not suddenly converted from her follies—few people are, but she was thoroughly ashamed and repentant of them, and that is a step gained. She saw how much real domestic happiness she had slighted or marred for the sake of a paltry vanity, and determined that it should be so no more. Perhaps the fulfilment of this determination was aided by the deep

humiliation she had experienced, and her consequent unwillingness for many weeks to see any one but her own family, and her sorrow and repentance were increased, when she learned how her imprudent action had injured her husband's fortunes. He did not reproach her, he could not, for she was already bowed with shame and grief; and that he did not, made her still more anxiously pursue the plan of economy by which she hoped to limit their expenses to their means.

But these were not all the consequences of her error. One evening, about a week after, Anne returned from her work, looking so pale and wretched, as to excite her mother's most fearful curiosity, but Anne only replied to her questions, that nothing was the matter, trying to assume a smile as she spoke, though a tear would burst from her eye; still she refused to confess that anything ailed her, and her mother ceased to question her, though from time to time looking earnestly and anxiously at her. Her father's inquiries on the subject were also excited, and equally unavailing, till Mrs. Benson having gone out to make some purchase for supper, her father, after watching her attentively for several minutes, said, suddenly and decisively, "Anne, I insist upon your telling me what it is that has made you look so ill and wretched—don't deny it," he continued, interrupting her, "for I will know." Anne's face became paler, and her lip quivered. "Answer me," repeated her father sternly, "am I to be tortured by my child, as well as my wife?" "Oh, don't speak so harshly, father; indeed I can't bear it now," replied his daughter, with a sob.

Again Mr. Benson urged her, but in a more gentle tone. "They have slandered me," at length she said, in a low and faltering voice. "Who—who has dared?" said the father, his cheek becoming pale as death, and then crimson. "Who has dared?" he repeated, rising and stretching forth his clenched hand. "Oh, many, many," said Anne hurriedly, "but oh! father, be cool, be calm." "I am cool," said her father, reseating himself, and mastering his passion by a strong effort. "Don't cry," he continued, as Anne's tears burst through all restraint, he tried to speak in a calmer tone, but he struck the table with his hand as he repeated, "Who has dared to slander you?" "They have said such evil of me," said Anne, giving way to her agitation as her father seemed more composed, "such evil, and I have done no wrong." "Who has dared to slander you?" repeated her father in the same tone as before. "Mary Gibbs told me that all the court said"—Anne stopped short—"Go on, what did they say? the vermin!" muttered her father between his teeth. "Tell me all," he continued sternly. "They said," resumed Anne, in a low trembling voice, "that we were a bad family, that my mother's exposure had opened people's eyes, and that I," she continued, covering her burning face with her hands, "was what I cannot speak." "Curse them!" said Mr. Benson, with a bitter concentration of feeling, that made those words, at once so wicked and awful, still more dreadful, "the wretches!" he went on, "and every one a very stain beside my innocent child." "Hush, father," said Anne, wiping her tears with haste and alarm, "I hear my mother's step in the street, don't let her know of it." Mr. Benson shook his head angrily, and turned his face from the door; and though for the remainder of the evening he contrived to subdue all more decided expression of his feelings, his words and manners were more sharp and stern towards his wife than they had ever been since her disgrace, and towards his daughter more gentle and affectionate than ever.

But though Anne had told her father all the reports that had caused her distress, she had not told him the circumstance connected with them, that had made it still

more bitter. Her informant had told her that John Gray was the originator of these reports, and that he had exulted in their disgrace. She had at first declared her entire and earnest disbelief of it, till Mary Gibbs, who had become interested to substantiate her own story, mentioned such a variety of accumulated proofs, and so confidently declared herself to have heard him, that, at the moment calling to mind all his unfriendly speeches, whether uttered seriously or in jest, she could no longer resist this double evidence of a fact that increased her misery. I shall not say why, because I do not approve of the plan of exposing even on paper, those feelings that a woman would hide even from herself; but her mother was more convinced than ever that something was on Anne's mind, when she noticed her swollen eyes the next morning, and there was a something in her manner at once agitated and resolved, that made her father more at ease, though it excited his curiosity. A night of anxious thought had taught him, that there was no remedy for his child's grief but time and steady propriety of conduct, and he had perfect confidence both in her good sense and discretion.

## SELECTED DEPARTMENT.

### TOILETTE OF A ROMAN LADY.

WE every day hear husbands complaining of the time and money expended by their wives on the duties of the toilette. As happiness is only the comparison of an indifferent state with one that is worse, we will endeavour to prove to them, by introducing them into the boudoir of a Roman lady in the days of Poppæa and Agrippina, their superior good fortune in not having been born at that period; and that the arts of the toilette, instead of having increased, appear by comparison, to be reduced at the present day to a most commendable simplicity, both in number and degree.

A woman of quality, on leaving her bed, which she usually did about ten or eleven o'clock, immediately repaired to her bath. After remaining for some time there, where she was carefully rubbed with pumice-stone, she came forth to pass into the hands of the *cosmotes*. These cosmotes were slaves, who possessed many secrets for preserving and beautifying the skin and complexion, and who derived this name from the Greek word *cosmos*, which signifies beauty; their functions were considered very important, professing to include hygienic advantages.

The moment she left the bath, a cataplasm, invented by the Empress Poppæa, was applied to her face, which she took off only when she went abroad, or on the arrival of a stranger; so that the poor husband could seldom or never see her features uncovered by this mask, which she often replaced in the evening to preserve her face from contact with the night air.

As soon as she began her toilette, a slave removed the medicated argis, and bathed her face with a sponge steeped in asses' milk; then another, according to Pliny, endeavoured to impart to the skin all possible delicacy and freshness, by rubbing it with the ashes of snails, or of large ants, burnt and bruised in salt; with honey in which the bees had been smothered; with the fat of a pullet mixed with onions; and lastly, with the fat of a swan, to which they attributed the property of removing wrinkles. Her next care was to efface any red spots, with a piece of woollen cloth steeped in oil of roses, and to remove freckles with a scraping of sheepskin, mixed with oil of Corsica, to which was sometimes added the powder of frankincense. These operations finished, a third slave approached, armed with a

pair of pincers, with which she mercilessly extracted every superfluous hair, however minute, that she could discover on the face of her mistress. To this department of the toilette, succeeded that of the teeth. When fresh spring water was found insufficient to cleanse them, they were rubbed with grated pumice-stone, or with marble dust, a method still employed. One of the women then made use of a toothpick of gold or silver, but those made of porcupine's quills were the most esteemed, as they had not the disadvantage of injuring the gums.

The teeth being cleaned, a third class of slaves appeared, to colour the eye-lashes, eye-brows, and hair, according to the age or the taste of the lady. In great families, it was fashionable to employ Grecian slaves for this office; when they could not be obtained, natives of other countries, to whom they gave Grecian names.

These operations ended, a slave spread a red pomade on the lips of her mistress, to impart to them a finishing softness and bloom. In the case of chapped lips, she had previously rubbed them with the inside of a sheepskin, covered with gall-nut ointment, or better still, with the ashes of a burnt mouse mixed with fennel root; and lastly, a more favoured attendant had the privilege of presenting to her the costly round mirror, ornamented with precious stones, and held by a handle of mother of pearl, in which she could survey the result of those various elaborate toils; which mirror, from the want of glass, was formed of a composite of several metals, to which an exquisite polish, not inferior to that of glass, had been imparted. Some of these mirrors, in bronze, are still preserved; but we may presume that some were also formed of gold; since, according to Pliny, "those of silver were so common, that they were scarcely seen but on the toilettes of slaves." They were sometimes so large as to reflect the whole person from head to foot, and those probably were framed and suspended somewhat in the fashion of our *Psyches*; but of this size, they were so costly, says Seneca, as to exceed in price the sum given by the Roman Senate to dowry the daughter of Scipio. This enumeration of the toils, time, and cost, expended to accomplish the diurnal completion of a Roman lady's toilette—to which many particulars might be added, and even apart from her milliners and mantua-makers' bills—ought for ever to silence the murmurs of our modern husbands. Or if those gentlemen be still so unreasonable as to complain, let them ask of themselves, what right they have to be more severe towards their gentle partners than were Brutus, Cæsar, or Cato of Utica?—*From the Calcutta Literary Gazette.*

## PARISIAN HOTELS.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

A PARISIAN hotel is a street set on end, the grand staircase forming the highway, and every floor a separate habitation. Let me describe the one in which I am lodged, which may serve as a specimen of its class. It is a huge quadrangular pile of stone, built round a spacious paved court. The ground floor is occupied by shops, magazines, and domestic offices. Then comes the *entre-sol*, with low ceilings, short windows, and dwarf chambers; then succeed a succession of floors, or stories, rising one above the other, to the number of Mahomet's heavens. Each floor is like a distinct mansion, complete within itself, with ante-chamber, saloons, dining and reading rooms, kitchen, and other conveniences for the accommodation of a family. Some floors are divided into two or more suites of apartments. Each apartment has its main door of entrance, opening upon the stair-case, or landing-places, and locked like a

street-door. Thus several families and numerous single persons live under the same roof, totally independent of each other, and may live so for years, without holding more intercourse than is kept up in other cities by residents in the same streets.

Like the great world, this little microcosm has its gradations of rank, and style, and importance. The *Premier*, or first floor with its grand saloons, lofty ceilings, and splendid furniture, is decidedly the aristocratical part of the establishment. The second floor is scarcely less aristocratical and magnificent; the other floors go on lessening in splendour as they gain in altitude, and end with the attics, the region of petty tailors, clerks, and sewing girls. To make the filling up of the mansion complete, every nook and corner is fitted up as a pretty little bachelor's apartment, that is to say, some little dark inconvenient nestling-place for a poor bachelor.

The whole domain is shut up from the street by a great *porte-cochère*, or portal, calculated for the admission of carriages. This consists of two massy folding-doors, that swing heavily open upon a spacious entrance, passing under the front of the edifice into the court yard. On one side is a spacious stair-case leading to the upper apartments. Immediately without the portal, is the porter's lodge, a small room with one or two bed-rooms adjacent, for the accommodation of the *concierger* or porter, and his family. This is one of the most important functionaries in the hotel. He is, in fact, the Cerberus of the establishment, and no one can pass in or out without his knowledge and consent. The *porte-cochère* in general is fastened by a sliding bolt, from which a cord or wire passes into the porter's lodge. Whoever wishes to go out, must speak to the porter, who draws the bolt. A visitor from without gives a single rap with the massive knocker; the bolt is immediately drawn, as if by an invisible hand; the door stands ajar, the visitor pushes it open, and enters. A face presents itself at the glass door of the porter's little chamber: the stranger pronounces the name of the person he comes to seek. If the person or family is of importance, occupying the first or second floor, the porter sounds a bell once or twice, to give notice that a visitor is at hand. The stranger in the mean time ascends the great stair-case, the highway common to all, and arrives at the outer door, equivalent to a street door, of the suite of rooms inhabited by his friends. Beside this hangs a bell-cord, with which he rings for admittance.

When the family or person inquired for is of less importance, or lives in some remote part of the mansion less easy to be apprized, no signal is given. The applicant pronounces the name at the porter's door, and is told, "Ascend to the third or fourth story; ring the bell of the right or left hand door," as the case may be.

The porter and his wife act as domestics to such of the inmates of the mansion as do not keep servants; making their beds, arranging their rooms, lighting their fires, and doing other menial offices, for which they receive a monthly stipend. They are also in confidential intercourse with the servants of the other inmates; and, having an eye on all the in-comers and out-goers, are thus enabled, by hook and by crook, to learn the secrets and domestic history of every member of the little territory within their *porte cochère*.

The porter's lodge is accordingly a great scene of gossip, where all the private affairs of this interior neighbourhood are discussed. The court yard, also, is an assembling place in the evenings for the servants of the different families, and a sisterhood of sewing girls from the *entre-sols* and the attics, to play at various games, and dance to the music of their own songs, and the echoes of their feet: at

which assemblage the porter's daughter takes the lead; a fresh, pretty, buxom girl, generally called '*La Petite*,' though almost as tall as a grenadier. These little evening gatherings, so characteristic of this gay country, are countenanced by the various families of the mansion, who often look down from their windows and balconies, on moonlight evenings, and enjoy the simple revels of their domestics. I must observe, however, that the hotel I am describing is rather a quiet, retired one, where most of the inmates are permanent residents from year to year, so that there is more of the spirit of the neighbourhood, than in the bustling, fashionable hotels in the gay parts of Paris, which are continually changing their inhabitants.

## NEWSPAPER READERS.

[From the *New York Courier*.]

THE Americans are really a very droll people. The following sketch is original in style, and (a remarkable circumstance, considering its source) strictly true in substance.

How endless is the variety of newspaper readers, and how hard it is to satisfy their wants! Mr. A. believes he shall discontinue his paper because it contains no political news. Mr. B. is decidedly of opinion that the same sheet dabbles too freely in the political movements of the day. C. don't take it, because it is *all on one side*; and D., whose opinion it generally expresses, does not like it because it is not severe enough upon the Opposition. E. thinks it does not pay due attention to fashionable literature; and F. cannot bear the flimsy notions of idle writers. G. will not suffer a paper to lie on his table, which ventures to express an opinion against slavery; and H. never patronises one that lacks moral courage to expose the evils of the day. I. declares he does not want a paper filled with the hodge-podge doings and undoings of the Congress and the Legislature; and J. considers that paper best which gives the greatest quantity of such proceedings. K. patronises the papers for the light and lively reading which they contain; and L. wonders that the press does not publish Dewey's sermons, and other "*solid matter*." M. will not even read a paper that will not expose the evils of Sectarianism; and N. is decidedly of opinion that the pulpit, and not the press, should meddle with religious dogmas. O. likes to read police reports; and P., whose appetite is seldom morbid, would not have a paper in which these silly reports are printed, in his house. Q. likes anecdotes, and R. won't take a paper that publishes them. S. says that murders and dreadful accidents ought not to be put in papers; and T. complains that his miserable paper gave no account of that highway robbery last week. V. stops his paper because it contains nothing but advertisements, and all that W. wants of it is to see what there is for sale. X. will not take this paper unless it is left at his door before sunrise; and Y. declares he will not pay for it if left so early, that it is stolen from his domicile before he is up. And last of all come the complaints of some of the ladies—who declare the paper very uninteresting, because it does not every day contain a list of marriages—just as if it were possible for the poor printer to marry people without a commission, and whether the parties will or no. But the variety of newspaper readers is too great for the present review, and "we give 'em up," with a determination to pursue the "even tenor of our way," in offering to the public such reading, as, in our humble opinion, will prove most useful and interesting to them, and to give them that reading as early as we possibly can.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## THE DESOLATION OF SCIO.

A SOUND of grief came from afar  
Where flashed the Turkish scimitar;  
And there arose from Scio's isle  
An anguished shriek of woe the while,  
As on the land a tempest fell,  
Raised by the Turkish infidel;  
Which, sweeping o'er that island fair,  
Left nought but desolation there.  
For in its track of blood is seen  
No trace of what that isle hath been.  
The infant at its mother's breast  
No more is lulled with songs to rest;  
No wife waits now to cheer her spouse;  
No maiden lists her lover's vows;  
No child delights the father's ear  
With prattle that he loves to hear;  
No more are seen the graceful vines  
That crept along the trellised lines;  
No villas now delight one there;  
No lovely gardens scent the air  
With perfumes that from Guhl distil,  
Or from the wild flowers on the hill;  
But all is dark and desolate—  
A monument of Moslem hate!

'Twas in an hour of open trust,  
The Paynims with a savage lust  
Of vengeance and of slaughter came,  
To wrap fair Scio's isle in flame:  
No sound of warning sent to show  
The advent of the fearful blow!  
No note of preparation there  
Broke on the stillness of the air!  
But from all thought of danger free,  
They rested in security.

Fair breaks the morn on Scio's hill  
Where fondly night doth linger still!  
The zephyrs play with gentle breeze  
Along the scarcely ruffled seas.  
In lively notes the matin song  
Runs the woodland vales along;  
While with playful dance the rill  
Leaps foaming down the rocky hill.  
The lovely flowers smile in light,  
Unconscious of the coming blight;  
And Phœbus there with deep'ning glow,  
Shines heedless of th' approaching blow,  
And in his tints of orient hue  
Dyes splendidly the waters blue!  
But hark! along the light breeze runs  
The fearful sound of Turkish guns.  
Ah! then the slaughter dread began,  
Then raged the slaves of Al Coran;  
There Turkish bloodhounds glut their ire;  
There falls the son—there falls the sire.  
There Scio wept in tears of blood.  
Ah! there indeed a sanguine flood  
From slaughtered victims curdling ran—  
An offering meet for Al Coran!  
On every side the wild flames spread;  
On every side rise heaps of dead.  
The maiden ravished here the while,  
There the next moment swells the pile;  
By the same brute to slaughter led  
Whose lust her youthful charms just fed!  
The savage arm for slaughter bare—  
Nor age, nor youth, nor sex doth spare!  
The old man tott'ring down life's hill,  
The young one on the ascent still,  
The matron sage, the new-made bride,  
The youthful husband by her side,  
The infant on its mother's knee,  
Are made the sport of cruelty!

The father, mother, children, all  
Wound in the same dark fun'ral pall,  
Are on the same dread pathway sent,  
All, all in one red ruin blent!

Oh God! if e'er a nation's crime  
Recoils on it in after time;  
If e'er upon the unborn child  
Are laid the father's actions wild,  
Not unavenged hath Scio bled;  
But on the Turkman's cursed head  
Shall fall a peaceful vengeance still;  
For that dark deed on Scio's hill.  
And oh! if e'er in human form  
A demon raised a fearful storm;  
If e'er a fiend bestrode the land,  
And urged along with impious hand,  
A nation by its crimes to fall,  
And weave its own dark fun'ral pall,  
'Twas he who on his passion's spur  
Planned Scio's fearful massacre!  
It makes a freeman's blood to boil,  
His soul in horror back recoil;  
For of the deeds that man hath done,  
This sure is far the blackest one!  
Talk not to me of that dark day  
Which dimmed the dawn of freedom's ray,  
When first she broke o'er Gallia's land,  
Joined with a ghastly blood-stained hand;  
Talk not to me of that red reign,  
So fitly known by terror's name.  
Speak not of all the demons there,  
Of Marat, or of Robespierre;  
For sure amongst the impious host,  
There is not who in crime can boast  
With that foul fiend whose Moslem hate  
Made Scio dark and desolate!

AUGUSTUS.

## VARIETIES.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.—I do not think that what is called 'love at first sight,' is so great an absurdity as it is sometimes imagined to be. We generally make up our minds beforehand, as to the sort of person we should like, grave or gay, black, brown, or fair: with golden tresses, or with raven locks:—and when we meet with a complete example of the qualities we admire, the bargain is soon struck. We have never seen any thing to come up to our newly-discovered goddess before, but she is what we have been all our lives looking for. The idol we fall down and worship is an image familiar to our minds. It has been present to our waking thoughts—it has haunted us in our dreams, like some fairy vision. O thou, who, the first time I ever beheld thee, didst draw my soul into the circle of thy heavenly looks, and wave enchantment round me, do not think my conquest less complete because it was instantaneous; for, in that gentle form (as if another Imogene had entered) I saw all that I had ever loved of female grace, modesty, and sweetness!—*Hazlitt*.

What is unknown admits of an interminable phraseology, while real knowledge can be condensed in a few words.—*Macculloch*.

PENANCE.—He that thinks to expiate a sin by going barefooted, does the penance of a goose, and only makes one folly the atonement for another. In the Church of Rome a man cannot be penitent, unless a vagabond, by pilgrimaging about the world. That which was Cain's curse has become their religion.

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